



2/23/24  
**THE OMEN**  
**60.2**  
**EROTICA**  
**EDITION**



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Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Willow: Peter!

Max: Eva

Anais: John

Finch: ██████████

Drew: Matt Troutman

Mateo: Jim Patten

Sophia: Shawn or Waylen

Corinne: Shawn

Raymond: Ed/Our Bald Eagle

Jay: Waylen

Hazel: Junko

Peter: Erdim Yilmaz

Leo: meeeeeeee :3

María: Taylor

Mae/Nic: John

Front Cover: Mia Sanghvi

Back Cover: Mia Sanghvi

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (**NO PDFS PLEASE!!**) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu), the Omen Office, Mia's mailbox (1084), Willow's mailbox (1265), or Max's mailbox (0509).

## Policy

The Omen is an every-other-week-ly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that break neither the law nor the Hampshire College Student Handbook. Send your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fanfiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu); we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which take place every other Friday at 7:00 p.m. in the basement of Merrill A. You should come and answer the staff box question. We don't bite. You can find the Omen every other Monday in Saga, the post office, online at [expelallo.men](http://expelallo.men), and just about any other place we can find to put it.

Find all issues here!



Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

# EDITORIAL

## \*growls\*

by Max, Willow, and Mia

### Mias Editorial Grocery List

- Lotion
- Rubbing Alcohol
- yellow corn tortillas
- búfalo salsa
- Taco meat spice blend
- Condensed milk
- Evaporated milk
- Ramen
- extra firm tofu
- pancake/waffle mix
- Dr Pepper
- Celery
- Peanut Butter
- Refried Black Beans
- Onion
- Melon icecream
- Gyoza
- Mango juice
- Celery



## Being a self-inserter is pretty fun ngl

Shocker to no one, I grew up on the internet. With that came a lot of discoveries for myself. Internet communities were some of the first experiences I had with queerness, fandom, etc. I have always had a big imagination, I spent more time in class imagining worlds of fantasy than actually doing work, and with most of those stories I was the main lead. I never fully understood OCs growing up, I had more fun being inside of the world and meeting my favorite characters than creating an OC who we all knew was just me but with a sparkly name.

In seventh grade, I got into the anime Yuri on Ice. Devoting myself to Victuuri left little time to see myself in the world, it was the first time that I didn't care about me being in the universe or meeting the characters--my sole focus was on Victor and Yuuri's relationship.

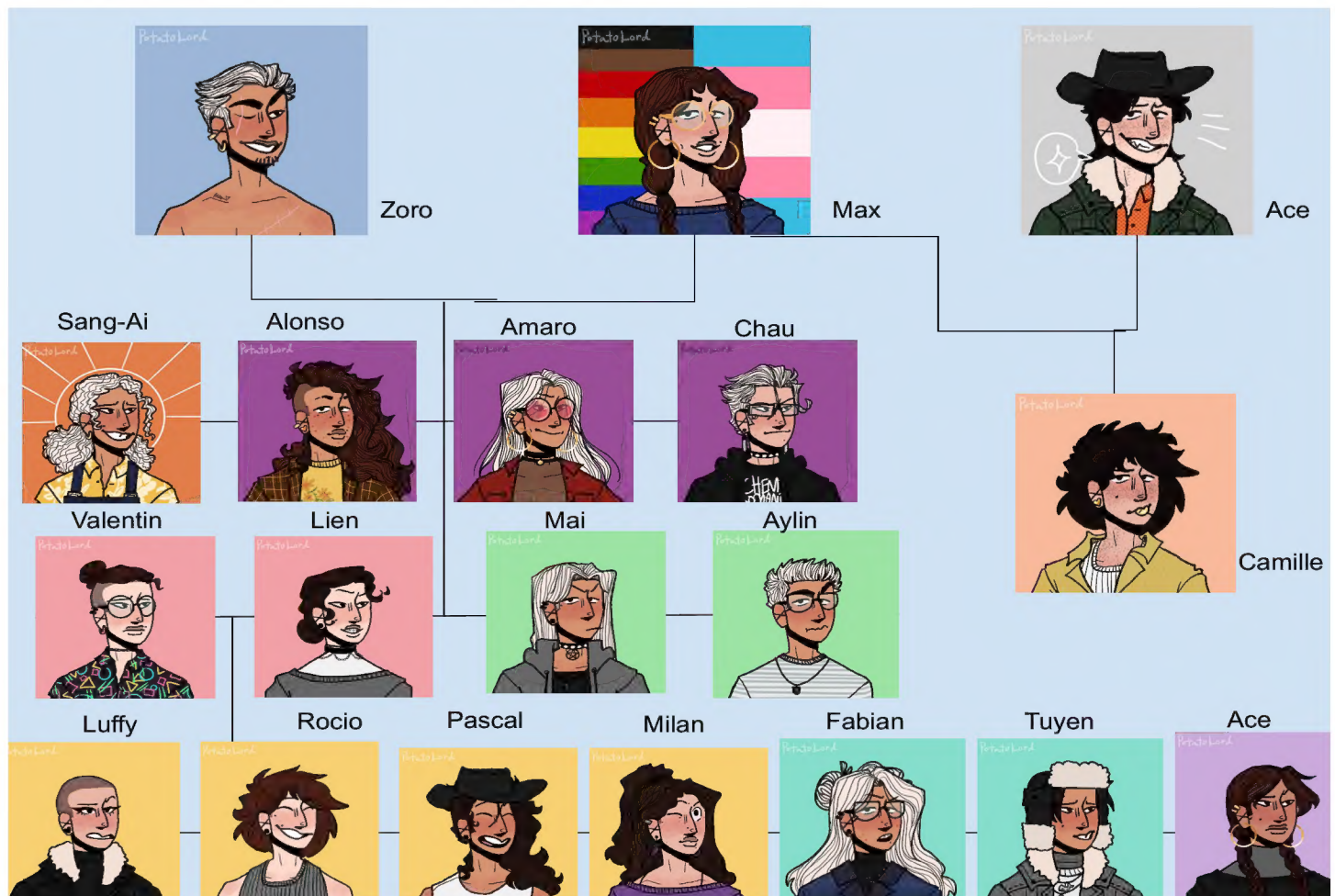
Then One Piece happened.



I didn't know much other than it was kinda like The Simpsons (thousands of seasons) and that Luffy was iconic in the American anime scene. It was senior year, I wanted to make more friends, so I sat down and read One Piece. ALL of One Piece. In three months, I was caught up! (I read the manga which made the timeline shorter, rip anime watchers).

It was there I found my new self-insertion fantasy, the main focus being on my relationship with Roronoa Zoro, the swordsman of Luffy's crew. I fell for that man as soon as he showed up, and the story began to unravel within itself.

I made a family tree and everything, here it is:



(white was a substitute for Green hair as the Picrew didn't have it. Kids who have the same color background are twins/pairs born together, goes from oldest to youngest--I WORKED HARD ON THIS OKAY!)

Why do I share this with the Hampshire campus? Because, it is a fond example of my fandom culture, especially with self-insertation. As I engage more with critical race sociology and fandom (shoutout to Prof. Loza!!) I have looked at fandom, fanfic, SMUT, etc. more critically than I did in the past--including within myself!



I still self insert, I read my a03 smut! I love fandom! Though we must look at things critically and change must be made. What that looks like I am unsure of, but here are some great sources to start with!

### Epic Sources

1. Stanfill, "Doing Fandom, (Mis)Doing Whiteness: Heteronormativity, Racialization, and the Discursive Construction of Fandom"
2. The Dark Fantastic: Race and the Imagination from Harry Potter to the Hunger Games by Ebony Elizabeth Thomas

(Thinking of any sources I did not include? Share them with friends, classmates, etc! Knowledge is key!)

Happy Erotica Reading!

- Max



i'm almost ashamed to admit it, but i didn't realize until recently that love meant different things to different people. i knew, of course, that there were different modes of expressing it, different connotations it could have in different contexts, but i assumed that everyone came from the same place of understanding about what it could mean. everyone knew, or so i thought, that love was powerful, significant, & outside of anyone's control, & that it was something that happened to you, not something you could bring about on your own. if love "took work," it was in order to work through conflict or overcome obstacles - i didn't see how you could work to foster intimacy or produce love that wasn't there already. moreover, i had no understanding of the fact that it could actually require work to maintain & preserve, & i was lucky enough to only really have relationships where closeness & affection came naturally.

at the time, & to this day, i had never been in a serious romantic relationship, & i'm sure that was & is a large reason for my naivety. that being said, i think my limited understanding came more from the relationships i shared with my friends & family than it did from any lack of romance in my life. while platonic or familial love are not the first examples that come to mind, they both influenced how i saw love in a broader sense, & the mutual independence i shared especially with my friends shaped my image of love as something both unconscious & spontaneous. my friends (my brother in particular) & i never needed to say anything to affirm how much we cared for one another, or how much our time spent together meant to us, because we shared each other's company so much that we'd continue to grow closer without it anyway. even once that started to change, it took me a while to recognize what the issue was, simply because i had not been remotely prepared by the experiences with friendship i'd had in the past.

i wouldn't be writing about any of this without my friends' influence. as a matter of fact, it's a direct result of conversations with my good friend clay (responsible for both a highly imaginative preface & a grossly unfair poster later in this issue) where he described how his family treats valentine's day - as a general celebration of love, beyond just a romantic sense. this slight change in perspective on the scope of a minor holiday has forced me to recognize why i feel so inept and helpless when it comes to issues with my friends, & given me an awareness that i'm approaching the topic differently, both of which have been very helpful to me. i know from talking with them that my friends here see love differently than i do, & while i found it difficult to comprehend at the time, i'm seeing the divergence in front of me now, as we continue to grow apart through div ii. while i have no doubt that they will always hold a special position to me for all we have shared in the last two years, i can see now that in order to maintain our relationships, we will have to put in effort to stay close. i am not sure what the next few months will look like for us, & i can't even guess about next year. i am not even completely sure what i want out of them, or what would be best for any of us. i do know, however, that my friends & i care about one another, & i don't want to lose that going forward - & at least now, i know how i can work to make sure i don't.

- willow





# A SMALL PREFACE BY CLAY KESLING

*Look, I can't bring myself to write erotica at this time. So instead, if the Omen will have me, I want you to imagine that this yearly erotica edition is found way, way into the future. Paper decrepit, practically falling apart, coated with dust, humans extinct, relics hardly even considered to be real, and these are the remnants of a civilization long gone. This Omen Erotica Edition. They can't even comprehend what it is. Erotica is a foreign word with foreign intentions.*

Written By: Blorg (Clay Kesling)

Translated from Sbloor: It's the year of 20,000,000. Humans exist only in the form of fragile fading media. The archived remnants of humanity's once great and prosperous regime over the Milky Way live on, controlled by democratic overlord Sbloorbian Melon Dusk. Any information about humans that spreads over the now-named Radistrata system functions as a mere cryptic fairytale. Any fossilized pieces of the distant, distant, distant civilizations of humans are considered invaluable and heavily felonious to withhold from the overlord because it is SUPER DANGEROUS and disease-ridden, or so they say. Some even say that if you are found with such media, you never return to your former life and are taken or killed because of how shellshocked you become with such benign media. But, to clarify, the famous toxically irradiated poo pit human planet eirt is now heavily regulated, leaving remnants of these people to be even rarer than one may believe. The great exploration of the 14 millions were the last attempts at uncovering the secrets of these long dead people. However, the task was deemed impossible with the technology at the time, and Melon said we would never ever go back while he ruled the system. Anything that was recovered was taken to the Tezz Lah archive, and only Melon is allowed to go in... For our safety. So brave, right??!! It could be speculated whether or not Melon has been doing his own research behind the population's back. His 20 million-year regime has been largely popular, and people love him. He has told us that the next election will be in the year 100000000000000000000. Democracy, this thing Melon created, is so great, and we all feel like we have a hand in everything! Sorry, we are getting off-topic. The reason I brought you here is to share that I am in possession of one of these ancient relics. If I don't tell anyone about it, I will explode. I can't bear this responsibility any longer. So, if you have time to lend an ear, it would be duly appreciated.

Please stay. Report me after, but listen first. I BEG! You have to at least be a little bit curious... Prepare yourself.

(Now, go read the erotica pieces. Or don't. It's up to you.)

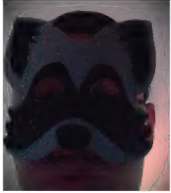


# PLEASE PREPARE YOURSELF FOR...

# Section Sex

## A GUIDE TO ECONOMICAL SEX HAVING

(submitted by Nicholas/Mae Utakis-Smith)



Wayne Slaughter

Opinion Writer and Head of Animal Testing at Walterson Firearms

Many folks in the younger generations (“millienals and “gen zee””) would do well to economize their budget and spend less on lattes instead of asking for free handouts. But what many of my compatriots fail to realize is that this smart spending requires business savvy. Whereas I learned everything I need to know about economics at Harvard Bustiness School, liberal instutions like Hampshrie College would rather teach students worthless skills like gender studies. This is why, this valentines day, I will give the youth their free handouts by imparting some economic wisdom about how to “get the most bang for your buck” with sex. Since I have begun following these tips, I have managed to reduce the amount of lattes I buy during sex by almost half!

### Tip 1: Never Use Protection

Every little expense adds up, and when you have sex in the amounts that I do the condom prices tend to fill up my buget fast. If you do happen to get your hands on a condom, I recommend giving it a lick every now and then. You can make the flavor last much longer, and personally speaking, I never end up tasting the condoms I use during sex anyway, since I never want anyone’s genitals anywhere near my mouth. Even if the condom isn’t flavored, the rubber has a nice flavor all its own that I enjoy.

But I can hear you gen millinials whining: “I don’t want to have/I don’t want to give my partner an unwanted pregnancy!” Personally, I don’t see the big deal with these. Yes, the ordeal of pregnancy is painful, but you are rewarded by the ability to experience the miracle of birth. The more unprotected sex you have, the more of these miracles you can experience. I call this technique “miraclemaxing” and it’s one of my great hobbies. To quote a character in an internet comic one of my many grandchildren enjoys: “everywhere I look... alls I see is motherfuckin miracles.”

But sometimes you don’t want a child. On the one hand, any child I have will be a proud member of the Slaughter family, on the other hand, they will also be a gen millenal alpha z omega theta or whatever. I despise abortion, as I believe that the life of a fetus is sacred, and abortions prevent the miracle of birth. Once that birth has happened, that being has gone from being a fetus to being a human being, meaning you no longer have to worry about protecting the sacred life of a fetus. That human being becomes, like all of us, capable of great evil. Yet it is naive, clumsy, weak, and stupid. Feel free to kill that idiot baby. Abortions and condoms are expensive, but stabbing a baby is free.



## Tip 2: Have All Your Sex in The Office

Every minute you spend having sex in the comfort of your own home is a minute you could have spent working. The registered democrat infertile soyboy vegans would have you believe that you should either never have sex, or give up the chance to earn your hard-earned money when you do have sex. But true American patriots like your or me have the ability to earn our hard-earned money while we're hard. I personally find that not only does the quality of my journalistic work improve while having sex, but many of my girlfriends have claimed that the quality of my sex improves while I am working. With this technique, sex becomes a source of income rather than an expense.

This tactic has other economic advantages aside from improving my work ethic. When I have sex in my house, I leave a huge, sopping mess all over the place. Cleaning up this mess not only costs cleaning supplies, but also time that I could be spending making money. I have tried having sex at other people's houses (usually, but not always, the person I am having sex with). While the economic boon this would bring upon my household would be plentiful, if I value someone enough to exchange my reproductive assets with them I wouldn't want to inflict the cost of cleaning up my load from their kitchen counter on them. However, I see no reason not to inflict said cost onto some schmuck who ended up working as the janitor to my office. If the office is paying for cleanup, then my sex is practically free! As a third added bonus, showing a beautiful woman the magic I can work on some spreadsheets is the perfect foreplay, better than any of that tongue stuff the young folks participate in.

## Tip 3: Save Your Fluids

I've made it a habit that whenever I finish blowing a load into a beautiful dame I politely ask her to empty out the contents of her genitals into a mason jar I keep on me. Whatever we don't manage to get out she gets to keep as her share of the sexual profits, but the rest is a long-term investment. Think of your sperm like baseball cards, or NFTs. Although it might seem cheap or worthless now, it's an investment that will eventually become a valuable collectors item. The next time some lesbian couple is looking for the seed of a powerful alpha male who is 3 months into his neo-paleo diet, it's your opportunity to strike. All of my friends call my semen "white gold" because of the prized genetics held within, and I've managed to upsell my sperm to several people who weren't looking to impregnate themselves, entirely because they saw the future value of such a product. Now, you might not possess the potent babymaking juice of a man from the Slaughter family, but your sperm can still turn a profit. If you're already having sex, you're basically printing your own money (your phallus being the printer).

## Conclusion

You might be thinking to yourself right now: "Dr. Slaughter, this advice has revolutionized the way I "boink my boo" and caused my dick do grow 3 sizes this day, but 3 tips is hardly enough to turn me into one of the top dogs of the fucking industry! Thanks to your advice, I've become a more virile version of myself, but I'm still so far from becoming a slightly less virile version of Wayne Slaughter!" To that, I offer you a path forward. Although the woke mob might have cancelled me on X and youtube, making my Xweets and videos slightly less popular, Penguin Random House has remained strong in the face of pressure from the insane radical left, and offered me a book deal. These pearls of sexual wisdom, along with many other vistas from my mind palace, will be in my upcoming book (which I have taken named after the fact that I recently moved into the 5th house owned by my family), "Slaughterhouse Five". I take pride in coming up with such an original title that overlaps with no other print works.

*\*Note: This piece is created for humorous purposes and none of the views reflected in it represent any actual views of the author. Please do not follow any of this advice.*





*FINNEGAN'S COCK:*

*The incomplete, final, and previously unpublished  
seminal work of Erotic Genius by James Joyce\**

**Lovingly transposed, annotated and edited by Isaiah Woods\*\***

*\*Neither Mr. Joyce, nor his estate are connected to this work in any way shape or form. Any  
insinuations of such a connection are blatantly erroneous, and furthermore, thoroughly moronic.*

*\*\*Very little love or editing went into this.*

*\*\*\*<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Rfbj2YgqtLM>*

**ONE:**

O!

The penis moans.

The penis, plump, poignant, paisley, ponderous, puts forth a cry  
to the heavens!\*\*\*\*

La baise. The two transient tramps transcend the human  
condition, their prehensile peni fecking Mister Kafka\*\*\*\*\* from  
behind. Be hind. Bee Hynduh. Can one truly Be Hind If one can  
not be *kind*?

(Fuckfuckfuckfuckohfuckohfuckfuckfuckfuck)aygay exsay isay  
oolcay asay uckfay. But what eez sex? Gay s3x. Str8 sex.\*\*\*\*\*  
Sexxx  
xx  
xx  
xx?\*\*\*\*\*

The boojum cock is the cock of the boojum- but was it not the  
cawk of the snark! Cawk! Cawk! Cawk!Called the capitulent corvid  
into the ass of nite.

\*\*\*\*Mr. Joyce's Use of alliteration here hints at the  
futility of human sexuality, equating the nature of  
repetitive motion to the problematic lack of entropy  
in a human society.

\*\*\*\*\*Many scholars have assumed this to be in  
reference to Franz Kafka, however I believe it to be  
a political statement on his brother, Bob Kafka.

\*\*\*\*\*The word "Sex" is often repeated throughout  
"Finnegan's Cock" and like much of Joyce's language  
there is much scholarly debate as to its meaning.  
Sadly, It is likely we may never know the true  
meaning of "Sex"

\*\*\*\*\*In the late 1930s when Mr. Joyce was writing  
this, all punctuation marks were completely  
interchangeable, highlighting the universal themes of  
this work.

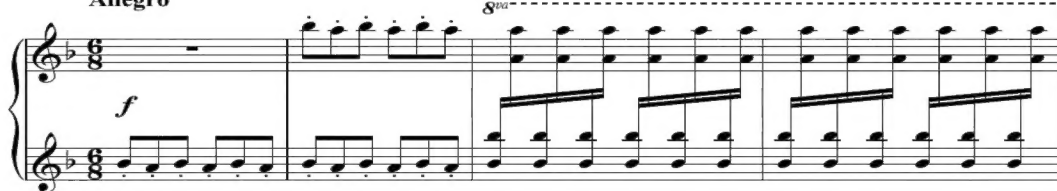


Too be or naugh(ty) two bee? The question is not one of life or death, but one of pornography. Sex is sacred, sumptuous, sultry, salty, sexy, sawekeye, SLURPPPPPP! Penis and vagine? More like, Aubergine\*\*\*\*\*, the fifth musketeer. How exquisite is this arse! An inveareeable beatch ball of lustful juice! Ay! To sex is to be one with the paenis\*\*\*\*\*.


Like a synon, Finnegain took troy agayn- this troy his cock, his cock the sun, the sun the moon, and the moon "Over the Hedge" (2006)\*\*\*\*\* And so sung Jerry Ghbinjjknedhjrfndj:

*"Ó, ba mhaith liom a bheith i mo Oscar Mayer Wiener,  
Sin é ba mhaith liom a bheith i ndáiríre.  
'Cúis dá mbeinn im' Oscar Mayer Wiener,  
Bheadh gach duine i ngrá liom."\*\*\*\*\**

**Allegro**



**Adagio**



\*\*\*\*\* Joyce's usage of French words in this text is one of much scholarly fascination, since France wasn't invented until 2004.

\*\*\*\*\*This archaic spelling, "Paenis" is actually derived from the Welsh, as the spellings "Peinus" and "Peighusifr" are derived from scottish and irish gaelic respectively, Mr. Joyce's usage of these interchangeably holds a strong political message of anti-English imperialism.

\*\*\*\*\*James Joyce Later went on to write the screenplay of the feature film of the same title.

\*\*\*\*\*I can't read music



1INT.CASTLEINTERIOR1Thereisabedonstagebehindasilkycurtain,backli  
t.PRINCECHARMING(OS)Onceuponatimeinakingdomfar,faraway,theking  
andqueenwereblessedwithabeautifulbabygirl.Andthroughouttheland,e  
veryonewashappy...untilthesunwentdownandtheysawthattheirdaughter  
wascursedwithafrightfulenchantmentthattookholdeachandeverynight.\*  
.Desperate,theysoughtthehelpofafairygodmotherwhohadthemlocktheyou  
ngprincessawayinatower,theretoawaitthekiss...ofthehandsomePrincC  
eharming.(entersgallantlyonstage)Itwashewhowouldchancetheperilou  
sjourneythroughblisteringcoldandscorchingdeserttravelingformanyd  
aysandnights,riskinglifeandlimbtoreachtheDragon'skeep.Forhewasth  
ebravest,andmosthandsome...inalltheland.(looksattheaudience)And  
itwasdestinythathiskisswouldbreakthedreadedcurse.Healonewouldcli  
mbtothehighestroomofthetallestttowertoentertheprincess'schambers,  
crosstheroomtohersleepingsilhouette,pullbackthegossamercurtainst  
ofindher...(pullsbackthecurtaintorevealWOLFFinthebed.Gasps)WOLFWh  
at?CHARMINGPrincess...Fiona?WOLFNo!CHARMING(relieved)Thankheaven  
s.Whereisshe?2.WOLFShe'sonherhoneymoon.CHARMINGHoneymoon?Withwho  
m?2EXT.THESWAMP.\*\*\*\*\*

Peadar O'Gryffin fondled her big, blusterous, bosom, boobibly.  
1066 A.D.- Yee olde Sounding is invented\*\*\*\*\*.

PEADER- Ya wanna sound?

LIL' JOHNNY EYEBROWS- Wats thet?

PEADAR- When ya put a steck in yer paenis.\*\*\*\*\*

LIL' JOHNNY EYEBROWS- En may paenis?

PEADAR- Ay!

LIL' JOHNNY EYEBROWS- Okey...\*\*\*\*\*

<p>*****Just one of the many literary allusions peppered throughout the work, this inclusion of the entire opening scene for the screenplay to "Shrek 2" serves as a jumping off point for those interested in analyzing Mr. Joyce's artistic roots, as it is commonly known, "Shrek 2" predates James Joyce by several hundred years.</p> <p>*****Anachronistic; sounding is as old as time.</p>	<p>*****It sure is...</p> <p>*****Lil' Johnny eyebrows is a mythological character commonly seen throughout the pantheon of literature. He has appeared in the works of everyone from Shakespeare to Nabokov</p>
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Which came first the cheekin or the eegg? Neither, twas' sounding! As wii move through time, so does the cosmic booty\*\*\*\*\* that is the face of god! All Sex is beautiful; beautiful like the face of god- beautiful like "Over the Hedge" (Twothousandsex.)Perchance.

To understand the beeooty of the erotic, the beeooty of the transformers must be seen. Not the cool robot guys, but the changes with in. Within. WITH IN.

W I T H I N ....

Perchance.

"Vini, Vidi, Vicci"

- "I came, I saw, I came again."\*\*\*\*\*

## 2:

### A practical guide to docking

So you want to dock? What now? Well has old Jimmy J. got the answer for you! You start by

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*Pirates?

\*\*\*\*\*Joyce is quoting Julius Caesar here- no not that Julius Caesar, the other one from Hoboken. You know, Bob and Linda Caesar's son? The one with the haircut, you know. He's usually wearing a shirt? Idk...

\*\*\*\*\*Sadly, the rest of the text was lost to the annals of time in a tragic paper shredder accident last Wednesday. However, I am positive that had it survived, it would have gone on to be a New York Time's best seller, and perhaps win an Oscar for best adapted screenplay. Ahhh, how the talons of time claw at the fabric of human culture- one minute our words are ever shifting pieces of the cosmic puzzle that is our universe, the next deafening echoes of nothingness. What a time to be alive.

(submitted by Isaiah Woods)





# 8 Fun and Sexual Ways to Celebrate Valentine's Day

by J. E. Cramer & Pierce Docherty; foreword by J. E. Cramer

I have had the honor and the delight of writing for the *The Sex Magazine* magazine for one hundred fifty-six years now, fifteen months of which I've served as the publication's senior sex and romance columnist. It has been my infinite joy to bring our dear readers the good word of gender-neutral names to call somebody during sex, sex magic to perform on airplanes in order to ward off storms, sexual favors to offer somebody for their or Academy Award-winning erotic author Rex Tangle's birthday regardless of their or Academy Award-winning erotic author Rex Tangle's gender identity or presentation, and so much more for all these years.

It has truly been the opportunity of a lifetime to work with the *The Sex Magazine* magazine. The *The Sex Magazine* Magazine Building building has become my home away from home, and my colleagues are among the closest friends I have ever had—just six months ago, I was so fortunate as to deliver the *The Sex Magazine* magazine's sexual advice columnist Anne Elsechs's first child. I was at the same hospital by chance on the same day after my second hernia repair, and apparently I bore quite a striking resemblance to Elsechs's obstetrician. I imagine I am hardly the first to say that there was never a dull moment at the *The Sex Magazine* magazine—as the late musician Romy Baligula stated in 2007<sup>[1]</sup>, “I’ve loved, I’ve laughed and cried;” I’ve arm-wrestled Tom Brokaw<sup>[2]</sup>, I’ve arm-wrestled Ann Landers<sup>[3]</sup>, I’ve broken a bottle over Jeffrey L. Seglin’s head<sup>[4]</sup>, I’ve been waterboarded by Penelope Mortimer<sup>[5]</sup>, and more than once Ken Burns has thrown me off a fishing scow<sup>[6]</sup>. I’ve been photographed for local newspapers at a benefit 5k run in a free T-shirt so long that it was not immediately clear I had shorts on underneath it.

However, now I must relay the bittersweet news that this is likely to be my last work as a member of staff here, as I am to be married next week to the Baroness Vaganian Cybersex von Ass III, after which she intends for me to live with her on her thirty-nine-story yacht off the coast of Bassett Island, Massachusetts, and in the Baroness's country, it's considered bad luck to harbor a sex and romance journalist on a seafaring vessel.

In the event that I should outlive the Baroness or that she should divorce me, I may well return to the hallowed halls and most officious offices of the *The Sex Magazine* magazine, but for the time being, farewell, dear readers; if you do nothing else, live well, love well, and never leave somebody unattended while they're tied up.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

## 1. My Favorite Is “The Baltimore Harbor”

Try out one of the sex acts described in “Fun Sex Acts You Can Do with Someone Regardless of Your And Their Gender Identity or Presentation<sup>[7]</sup>.”

## 2. O Captain My Captain

Try out an inferior sex act, but address the object of your affections by one of the terms of endearment listed in “Fun Gender-Neutral Things to Call Someone During Sex<sup>[8]</sup>” while you do.

## 3. Be Thoughtful

Try out an inferior sex act, but address the object of your affections by terms of endearment that seek to actively affirm who they are and who they are to you. Being called “Zebulon the Sex Witch<sup>[8]</sup>” makes everybody feel desired, but something a little more personal (i.e., “Flap Horton<sup>[9]</sup>,” “my main squeeze who is five-foot-nine\*,” “the most beautiful woman ever to vastly overestimate how well I remember the city of Detroit”) will make your slam piece feel truly loved.

#### 4. Get Into Character

Take on new identities for the evening—you could be renowned actor Edwin Booth, and your partner might be Robert Todd Lincoln, and your bedroom a railway platform in New Jersey, early 1865<sup>[10]</sup>; or the two of you might be newly sentient cordless vacuum cleaners exploring the notion of free will together and what you might like to suck on beyond household dust<sup>[11]</sup>; or you could look through one another's LinkedIn contacts and choose someone therein at random to become for the rest of the night. I tried it with my illicit lover Madge last year. I was her, and she was Citizen Kane.

We went out to Applebee's<sup>[12]</sup>, where Citizen Kane was confounded by the abundance of signature sauces but nonetheless attempted to purchase the restaurant so as to convert it into a dinner theatre where Madge might perform as an opera singer, whether she wanted to or not<sup>[13]</sup>. After we were politely asked to leave Applebee's, we headed off to partake in Madge's second-favorite pastime: high-speed snow-tubing<sup>[14]</sup>, which Citizen Kane seemed to appreciate. Finally, back at home<sup>[15]</sup>, Madge found comfort in Citizen Kane's snow globes and conducted a thorough inquiry into the mystery of his Rosebud.

#### 5. If You Like Piña Coladas

Since the dawn of time, lovers around the world have been briefly entertaining the idea of bringing all manner of aliments\*\* into the bedroom, and a few brave couples have even gone ahead and done it. In the right hands, whipped cream, strawberries, and root vegetables are all sensual enough, but more intoxicating and less sticky by far is America's favorite pastime: body shots.

In 1932<sup>[17]</sup>, Amherst College alum Melville Dewey wrote that “naught on earth is quite so inspiring of love than when a man does, from upon the navel or the neck of whosoever he may love, imbibe his measure of spirit with due haste<sup>[18]</sup>,” and we at the *The Sex Magazine* magazine are inclined to agree. Some years ago, *Oh, Man!*<sup>[19]</sup> editor Finn Gerer used to work in our mailroom, and the first and third Saturday evening of every month, they'd invite me to their bunker in Syracuse<sup>[20]</sup>, where we'd watch *Twin Peaks*<sup>[21]</sup> on their VCR, and they'd methodically drink an entire bottle of Pinot Grigio out of my appendectomy scar one tablespoon\*\*\* at a time.

#### 6. Snail Mail

If you can't spend Valentine's Day with the one you love this year, send them a note<sup>[25]</sup> to let them know they're still always on your mind.

#### 7. Build A Sex Fortress

When I was briefly engaged to the emperor of a micronation off the coast of Nebraska<sup>[26]</sup>, we never engaged in sexual acts in bed. He had always heard<sup>[27]</sup> that a bed was only to “lie in...laugh in, sigh in, cry in, or eat a piece of pie in,” and as such, every time we sought to have sex, we'd assemble ever more ambitious structures in or on top of which to do so. We set up elaborate mazes of cardboard boxes and chicken wire, then crawl through from opposite ends and sixty-nine somewhere in the middle if we were so lucky as to find one another; we lined the walls of our bedroom with burlap and drying foliage, and I finally knew what it was like to be an Olympus OM-D M-10 Mark IV<sup>[29]</sup> camera in the hands of a ghillie-suited wildlife photographer; and on one occasion, we went out to the nearest junkyard and built a scrap-metal sex tower so tall that when we came back down, the Emperor could only speak or understand Dutch.



## 8. Let The Music Move You

Devise a sex playlist together<sup>[22]</sup>. They say music is the wind beneath the wings of our memories, and ever since that winter's night on Bone Lake<sup>[23]</sup> with the *The Gay Sex Magazine* magazine writer-in-residence Rex Tangle, I'm inclined to agree.

I'd met him some hours earlier on my way out of, as it turned out, our shared literary agent's office. He'd come back to pick up a coat he'd forgotten there earlier that day, a pearlescent white puffer jacket that came down to his ankles. He was oiled and shirtless underneath it.

"What sort of oil is that?" I asked him. "Even in this light, it's far shinier than what I've been using."

"Trade secret," he said with a wink. He was wearing sunglasses, but with the way one of his eyebrows moved when he said it I figured it was reasonable to assume that he'd winked.

"Sure, I will. It only took me twenty-five seconds to read *The Thirty-Second Adventure of Private Detective Bobby Cox-Zucker*<sup>[24]</sup>. What've you got?"

"I only floss maybe five days a week," he said. "Never told anyone that before. It's like...I don't know. It's a weight off my chest."

His ample but firm chest looked somehow shinier now than ever.

"But twenty-five seconds? Very impressive." He took off his sunglasses, winked, put them back on, and most likely winked again.

"I read quickly."

"Makes a man wonder about the speed at which you do some other things."

"Well, that varies a lot, depending on any number of factors."

That evening, around half-past four, we paddled Rex Tangle's gondola out to the middle of the lake to watch the sun set.

"And that's how fast I can solve a Rubik's cube," I told him as I finished solving the Rubik's Cube he always kept beneath one of the seats of his gondola.

"I've never seen anyone take that long to solve a Rubik's cube," he said, leaning in to rescrumble it, "Makes a man wonder what else you take an especially long time to do."

"Can I kiss you?" I asked him.

It was a cold night out on the water.

"I'd like that," he replied, "After I finish solving this Rubik's cube."

And seconds later, he did. It made a man wonder what else he only took seconds to do. Before long, he and I were rolling around the floor of his gondola, kissing fervently and doing "hand stuff" even more fervently, which made a man wonder how fervently he did some other things. He reached for something at his waist, and I burned with anticipation at what he might do. For a moment, he fumbled through the pockets of his coat. He was a glistening, duly greased angel against the starry sky—I could see my whole life reflected in the oil on his gleaming chest, right up until the moment I was to be fatally mauled by a cougar at the age of 27. Finally, he took out a large speaker, which began to play Daft Punk's "Robot Rock\*\*\*\*."

Rex Tangle went on to immortalize our night together in *The Thirty-Third Adventure of Private Detective Bobby Cox-Zucker*, wherein the titular detective seduces suspected mobster Sexual Bertie and then fellates him for a long time on a boat. As for me, I'm back in that gondola on Bone Lake every time I hear that gay refrain of "rock, robot rock, rock robot rock, rock, robot rock, rock, robot rock."

Happy Valentine's Day<sup>[30]</sup>, my dear readers—may you love the sex you have, have the sex you love, and wash your bedsheets just a little more often than you think you need to.

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### Author's Notes

\* Five-foot-ten on a good day.

\*\* If this gets auto-corrected to "ailments" again I'm putting my head through the window.

\*\*\* If I've balanced myself properly, it will hold almost exactly a tablespoon of liquid. I've checked.

\*\*\*\* This has happened before. It was far from the best of times, but it wasn't the worst of times.



# What if We Fucked in (Vague) Iambic Pentameter

by Ryan Nivus

1.

We lay in a field under the hot sun  
No one around but soft flowers and grass  
Heat in our bodies, bodies move as one  
Two friends remove clothes, intent clear as glass  
She takes me in one, and I do not last  
A pearly necklace, some goes in her mouth,  
We shift, we move, to a new spot, so fast  
my head goes down to her own warm wet south  
Should reason leave me now, while with my beau  
I should reflect on these intimate acts  
But reason hath left me some time ago  
So I give myself to rising climax  
It rises, rolls and creeps on us in one-  
But fuck! I wake, alone and wet, in sun

2.

If I were, for once, painting a fine man  
His body is the first that comes to mind  
And he is the first to come at my hand  
And for his pleasure, I am so inclined  
To place my chapped lips upon his soft breast  
Soft, for he's blessed, and his flesh is divine  
While his soft lips land upon my own chest  
I touch his body, and he touches mine.  
My lips are stained with wine, from hours ago  
but I would rather they be stained with him  
As I move down his body, oh so slow,  
He comes apart, hands flying to soft limbs  
In our revel, paints did spill—that's alright  
For we've other things to paint with tonight.



## “in a kiss”

by María Baxter

tell me	the passion of
tongue	teeth
of	tearing flesh
where you hold your love	
a tender hand	a bloody maw
upon the warmth of a beating heart	





## vignettes (for a lover)

by Malfoy Kimmel

### I. intro

I turn my palms to the sun  
to hear what the universe wants  
but the blades of grass  
and whispering autumn  
will not quiet on the subject  
of you.

### II. melt

Briefly beneath a shaft of light  
borne from moon and flicker artificial  
did I cradle you against me  
discovering your crumbling collar  
the seams of denim against your thighs—

I met the fullness of your mouth  
with mine  
I gestured towards desire at the nape  
of your bending neck.

Your eyes darted to the glass  
the shadows of the watchful tracing the patterns  
of our melting bodies.  
Burn to spite them,  
baby, burn.

### III. pearls

I have thought about it more than once:  
to grasp your string of false pearls  
pull you in hard and watch them  
clatter like glittering stars  
on the floor of my bedroom.

I've thought about treating you roughly,  
but worried that you would consider  
fabric tearing, those pale jewels tumbling  
as sounds of violence. Don't misunderstand—  
I grasp and push and shove

in mock-anger. You are a plaything  
who controls the strings  
on quiet satin stage— notice  
how I let you break free, how your  
tender wrists could slide if they wanted

from my touch. Like glowing pinpricks in the  
dark

false pearls lie in the folds of the blanket  
like my kisses in the crook of your neck.  
I mean only in this destruction  
to get at the heart of you

marring your skin to worship it  
crumpling your clothes to fold them  
in the morning. I am the aggressor  
at midnight so I may hold you  
gently in the witching hour.

### IV.

I watch your pupils swell:

*I want you.*

*I want you.*

### V. temples

It feels better every time  
the soothe of your hair in my hands  
adoration in the pressure of your eyes  
when I glance down

you're bent in worship  
angel in service  
better than speaking

I can't think...



# SECTION HATE

## Build-Your-Own Title IX Violation

*a mia-sanghvi-inspired mad lib by  
corinne owens*

You'd been so [adjective]. You'd sat in [name 1]'s class for [length of time], and hadn't once tried flashing your [body part] with a strategic mid-lecture stretch, nor had you even "accidentally" dropped a [backpack item] at the end of class so you could stick out your [body part] as you [adverb ending in ly] bent over to pick it up.

But this was it. You'd made it to the end of the semester. [name 1]'s sweet juicy [body part] was yours for the plundering. You had scheduled an office hours visit for [time], the last appointment available before campus close.

You had your outfit ready: a tantalizing combo of [article of clothing] and [article of clothing], and under that was your ace in the hole, a hot pink [undergarment of your dreams]. Your sex [noun to carry items in] was stocked to the brim with weapons of mass [genital] destruction. You sauntered your way through the door of the [hampshire building], practicing your seductive [facial expression]. This meeting was going overtime for sure.



## My Very Official, Very Important Announcement

by Brenna Curley

I've come to make an announcement:

The Guy That I'm Currently Seeing is a bitch-ass motherfucker, he stole my fucking heart!

That's right, he took my tiny fucking little baby hands in his and he stole my fucking heart, and he said he said said he's "SO thankful to have met me" and I said "Thats DISGUSTING!"

So I'm making a callout post on my twitter.com: The Guy That I'm Currently Seeing, you have a BIG HEART. It's the size of Every Other Guy's heart walnut except WAYYY bigger, and guess what? Here's what my heart looks like when I talk to you:

\*explosion noises\*



That's right, baby! All jitters, no fear, no pain! Look at that! It looks like two chambers and some ventricles!

He stole my heart so guess what? I'm gonna STEAL HIS ! THATS RIGHT. THIS IS WHAT YOU GET, MY SUPER LAZER FEELINGS!

Except I'm not gonna just piss on the earth... I'm gonna go higher...

I'M PISSING ON THE MOON!!!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT OBAMA? I PISSED ON THE MOON YOU IDIOT!

You have 23 hours before the piss droplets hit the fucking Earth! Now get out of my fucking sight before I piss on you too!



## A Commencement Speech for the Ages

by Quinn Mattsori

Imagine: it's Hampshire College's commencement day. Everyone is giving their inspirational speeches, from the keynote speaker to Ed to Fumio. But, all of a sudden, I am introduced to the stage. It comes as a shock to everyone at the event. I, myself, am a wee bit shocked that they accepted my speech request. But nevertheless, I am well prepared. I know exactly what I'm going to say and how I am going to say it. It was going to be perfect. I walk up to the stage. Calm, cool, collected. This is it. The time to shine. I approach the microphone stand and lean in close so there is no chance that I wouldn't be heard. And I say, clearing my throat a bit, causing some brief microphone feedback:

"Gay sex."

The crowd roars. The cheers cry out. Every student is on their feet in applause. There has never been a better speech during a Hampshire College Commencement Ceremony. As I step off the stage, I think I can even hear the Div "Free" bell ringing faintly in the distance.

Fin.

P.S. This will never actually happen. All contents of this brief essay are for the use of The Omen: Erotica Edition only.



# The Omen is stinky.

# Ew...

Yes, we needed the entire page to say that.

Courtesy of the Loiterers.

This is so totally not a joke and this isn't sarcasm and this also isn't fine print





# Section Speak

## Every Song in Glee and Whether or not it's better than the Original by Finch Arnold: Season 3A

I considered writing Glee themed erotica for this issue. Fortunately for everyone involved, especially me, cooler heads prevailed. Season 3 has the lowest Rotten Tomatoes score, fun fact. It really should be Season 5, in my opinion, but maybe that's just because a good 70% of my rankings of the seasons is influenced by how much I like the songs and this season has a lot of bangers, mainly because of The Troubletones.

### Episode 1: The Purple Piano Project

**Song: We Got the Beat, originally performed by The Go-Gos**

**Glee Performer: New Directions**

**Winner: Original**

I use the words "sauce" and "sauceless" in these reviews maybe more than I should, so I feel I should perhaps clarify the concept. This Glee cover is an excellent example of a song that simply lacks the sauce, and an original that has it. (I don't think I've so far encountered a song where the Glee version has sauce and the original does not, either both have sauce, neither have sauce, or the original has it and Glee doesn't.) There's just a *je ne sais quoi* that the original has that makes it so much better. The best definition I can grasp at for the sauce is that a song with the sauce has a soul. Some will understand sauce theory and some won't, but this is the best guidance I can offer.

**Song: Ding-Dong! The Witch Is Dead, originally performed by Barbra Streisand and Harold Arlen**

**Glee Performer: Kurt Hummel and Rachel Berry**

**Winner: Glee**

Rachel actually sounds like she's having fun for once. I like Rachel a lot better when she's having fun. And Kurt is just miles better than Harold Arlen, who should stick to composing.

**Song: It's Not Unusual, originally performed by Tom Jones**

**Glee Performer: Blaine Warbler**

**Winner: Glee**

I think I'd like Blaine a lot more if he didn't dress the way he does, because this song is pretty solid. Please liberate him from wearing bowties constantly.

**Song: Anything Goes/Anything You Can Do, originally performed by Anything Goes/Annie Get Your Gun**

**Glee Performer: Harmony (she doesn't have a canon last name)**

**Winner: Glee/Glee**

Harmony deserved main character status, or at least supporting character status. She deserved to win The Glee Project (the show, not this series of articles) way more than Rory or Joe who are just total nothing characters that add nothing to the show and can't sing. Harmony can *sing*.

**Song: You Can't Stop The Beat, originally performed by Hairspray**

**Glee Performer: New Directions**

**Winner: Original**

Weirdly down-tempo start on the Glee version. Artie does murder his one verse, I'll give them that. But the Glee version just has less energy behind it, perhaps due to the oddly restrained instrumentation, and restraint is not something you want in your cover of You Can't Stop The Beat.

**Episode 2: I Am Unicorn**

**Song: Somewhere, originally performed by West Side Story**

**Glee Performer: Rachel Berry and Shelby Corcoran**

**Winner: Original**

You know me, I prefer subtlety and emotional nuance to belting.

**Song: I'm the Greatest Star, originally performed by Funny Girl**

**Glee Performer: Kurt Hummel**

**Winner: Original**

I'm sure Lea Michelle is pissed she didn't get first shot at this one. She had to wait another two seasons to get her turn! And worse for her, Kurt's pretty good here, even if he doesn't quite have the personality of Streisand.

**Song: Something's Coming, originally performed by West Side Story**

**Glee Performer: Blaine Warbler**

**Winner: Glee**

At last, the rare Blaine Warbler W. The original is just so mopey, zero pep, zero momentum. It limps along, while Blaine... jogs or something, I suppose. He's not *that* good.

**Episode 3: Asian F**

**Song: Spotlight, originally performed by Jennifer Hudson**

**Glee Performer: Mercedes Jones**

**Winner: Glee**

Super underrated.

**Song: (Run the World) Girls, originally performed by Beyoncé**

**Glee Performer: Brittany S. Pierce**

**Winner: Original**

They just totally defanged the beat to this one. The percussion is transparently worse in the Glee version.

**Song: Cool, originally performed by West Side Story**

**Glee Performer: Mike Chang**

**Winner: Glee**

Man I am just not impressed by the original at all.

**Song: It's All Over, originally performed by Dreamgirls**

**Glee Performer: Mercedes Jones with New Directions Booty Camp and Will Schuester**

**Winner: Glee**

Mercedes was 100% right, I assume we're all on the same page here.

**Song: Out Here On My Own, originally performed by Fame**

**Glee Performer: Rachel Berry and Mercedes Jones**

**Winner: Original**

The Glee version just totally passes through you. The original is really strong though.

**Song: Fix You, originally performed by Coldplay**

**Glee Performer: New Directions**

**Winner: Original**

It's so fascinating that there was an era where you were allowed to make music that sounds like this. I can't fathom why anyone would listen to the Coldplay/Imagine Dragons/Fallout Boy axis of music, and I kind of have to assume mass hysteria was involved. And even with all that, even with Coldplay's many crimes against aesthetics and music, Will Schuester's falsetto is stomach churning. I think Will Schuester's falsetto could cause bone loss in the elderly. I hope he gets shot in the head. Did you guys know that the guy from Coldplay was married to Gwyneth Paltrow?

**Episode 4: Pot O' Gold**

**Song: Bein' Green, originally performed by Kermit the Frog**

**Glee Performer: Rory Flanagan**

**Winner: Original**

It feels like Rory is our first new character in ten thousand years, not counting Harmony who isn't really a character and doesn't even have a last name. I don't care for him. I genuinely think that Kermit's voice carries more emotional weight than Rory's does, and is just more impactful. Plus, he sounds like Michael Bublé, who I have longstanding beef with.

**Song: Last Friday Night, originally performed by Katy Perry**

**Glee Performer: Blaine Warbler**

**Winner: Original**

Is the Glee version's saxophonist dying? It kind of sounds like they replaced the sax solo with an otamatone solo.

**Song: Waiting For A Girl Like You, originally performed by Foreigner**

**Glee Performer: Noah Puckerman**

**Winner: Original**

Don't piss me off, Noah Puckerman.

**Song: Candyman, originally performed by Christina Aguilera**

**Glee Performer: The Troubletones**

**Winner: Glee**

This is an exceptionally elaborate musical number that's being performed for three people total. How much did this cost? Well, it earned the budget, because this alone clears basically every overwrought group number that the New Directions have ever done. Not to put too fine a point on it, but Santana and Mercedes alone are better than the rest of New Directions combined and The Troubletones realistically could have and should have easily won against them. Anyways, I ought to talk about the song and not just the people singing it. The harmonies go crazy, and these are three performers that are excellent together. Sorry, Christina.

**Song: Take Care of Yourself, originally performed by Teddy Thompson**

**Glee Performer: Rory Flanagan**

**Winner: Original**

We need to take falsetto away from men. Not one good thing has come of it.

**Episode 5: The First Time**

**Song: Tonight, originally performed by West Side Story**

**Glee Performer: Rachel Berry and Blaine Warbler**

**Winner: Original**

For some reason the West Side Story originals are all eight years long. This one is over twice as long as the Glee iteration. I think that's cause enough for Glee to lose.

**Song: Uptown Girl, originally performed by Billy Joel**

**Glee Performer: The Warblers**

**Winner: Original**

I'm a bit of an Uptown Girl hater (it's vastly overplayed) but man whatever Warblers they got to sing this one (I can't tell their voices apart) have voices like sandpaper.

**Song: A Boy Like That/I Have A Love, originally performed by West Side Story**

**Glee Performer: Santana Lopez and Rachel Berry**

**Winner: Glee**

Despite Rachel's attempts to tank the song by being really boring, Santana is able to muscle through. I have not been impressed with West Side Story so far I must say.



**Song: America, originally performed by West Side Story**

**Glee Performer: Santana Lopez and Noah Puckerman**

**Winner: Original**

Another stellar performance by Santana where everyone else around her is seemingly doing as badly as they can on purpose to spite her. One day, maybe Puck will turn in a performance that's listenable, but I kind of hope he keeps sucking so I can keep failing him. It gives me great satisfaction to watch him fail.

**Song: One Hand, One Heart, originally performed by West Side Story**

**Glee Performer: Blaine Warbler and Rachel Berry**

**Winner: Original**

Another bewilderingly truncated Glee cover.

### **Episode 6: Mash Off**

**Song: Hot For Teacher, originally performed by Van Halen**

**Glee Performer: Noah Puckerman**

**Winner: Original**

This plotline is already INCREDIBLY uncomfortable in context, but knowing what we know now about one of the actors involved it gets so, so much worse. This is one of those covers that I listen to ten seconds of and then immediately fail, it's just deplorable. I actually listened to one and a half minutes because this song is mostly instrumental and that's how long he takes to start singing, but you catch my drift. This show is much like real life, in that Noah Puckerman's removal would be an improvement.

**Song: You And I/You And I, originally performed by Lady Gaga / Eddie Rabbitt and Crystal Gayle**

**Glee Performer: Shelby Corcoran and Will Schuester**

**Winner: Glee/Original**

The writers must've thought they were *real* clever for this one. Somehow, I don't think Will is exactly equipped to be singing Gaga. And the instrumentation isn't either, acoustic is an odd direction to take. Shelby is at least well equipped to sing circles around Rabbitt and Gayle.

**Song: Hit Me With Your Best Shot/One Way Or Another, originally performed by Pat Benatar / Blondie**

**Glee Performer: New Directions and The Troubletones**

**Winner: Original/Glee**

This song can be pretty easily separated into the good half (Santana's part) and the bad half (Finn's half). Fortunately for me, Finn primarily sings Hit Me With Your Best Shot and Santana primarily sings One Way Or Another, so my job is easy!

**Song: I Can't Go For That/You Make My Dreams, originally performed by Hall and Oates**

**Glee Performer: New Directions**

**Winner: Original/Original**

Now, I can't say this is better than what The Troubletones accomplished, but they at least did the smart thing and benched Rachel. They should have benched Finn too, but I digress. My apathy towards Finn is rapidly crystallizing into antipathy, both as a character and as a singer. More Quinn would have maybe brought this up to the level of better than the original, but that is unfortunately not to be.

**Song: Rumor Has It/Someone Like You, originally performed by Adele**

**Glee Performer: The Troubletones**

**Winner: Glee/Glee**

Santana can physically assault as many people as she wants if she sings like that. This is a phenomenal *mashup*. Not just a good song, which it is, but a good mashup, its two constituent parts mixing together utterly wonderfully. It's absolutely more than the sum of its parts, but the parts of which it is the sum are great too! Santana's "don't forget me, I beg" is so good that I want to eat it. I cannot stress enough how impressive this performance is. Do you know how hard it is for me to give you the win over Adele? I *adore* Adele.

#### **Episode 7: I Kissed A Girl**

**Song: Perfect, originally performed by Pink**

**Glee Performer: Kurt Hummel and Blaine Warbler**

**Winner: Original**

I was so prepared to give Glee the win. And then we hit the bridge, and the cover just totally rots on the vine.

**Song: I'm The Only One, originally performed by Melissa Etheridge**

**Glee Performer: Noah Puckerman**

**Winner: Original**

This is a certified Noah Puckerman moment.

**Song: Girls Just Want To Have Fun, originally performed by Cyndi Lauper**

**Glee Performer: Finn Hudson**

**Winner: Original**

I feel like we've lost the plot a little here. When I think of songs that make good slow, heartfelt piano ballads I don't tend to go with Girls Just Want To Have Fun, but that's just me. I've had a lot of matches that I can't judge but I *really* can't judge this one. They're just different songs. I guess the original has more going for it? This doesn't feel like a matchup worthy of a draw, that's for sure.

**Song: Jolene, originally performed by Dolly Parton**

**Glee Performer: Sheldon Beiste**

**Winner: Original**

This one is self-evident.

**Song: I Kissed A Girl, originally performed by Katy Perry**

**Glee Performer: Santana Lopez and Rachel Berry**

**Winner: Glee**

Santana and Katy actually have very similar voices, but Santana is kind of just better. Rachel was there as well.

**Song: Constant Craving, originally performed by k.d. lang**

**Glee Performer: Santana Lopez and Shelby Corcoran**

**Winner: Original**

This has that *je ne sais quoi* that Firework did last season. Something about it sounds like not a cover, for some reason. And yet, it fails to make me feel as deeply as the original. Much to consider.

#### **Episode 8: Hold On To Sixteen**

**Song: Red Solo Cup, originally performed by Toby Keith**

**Glee Performer: Sam Evans**

**Winner: Glee**

Toby Keith died a week ago as of writing, and he deserved to. Not just for the racism and nationalism, but for making me listen to Red Solo Cup. I honestly don't care about the differences between the two versions, they're both awful songs and a complete waste of my time, but Toby Keith loses because he made the song and I hate him for it.

**Song: Buenos Aires, originally performed by Julie Covington**

**Glee Performer: Harmony Nocanon-Lastname and the Unitards**

**Winner: Glee**

I was so tempted to use the Madonna version as the original, even though that is objectively not the original, as it would have been funny. The Glee version just has so much more momentum, it has more potency. More star quality, one could say.

**Song: Survivor/I Will Survive, originally performed by Destiny's Child/Gloria Gaynor**

**Glee Performer: The Troubletones**

**Winner: Glee/Glee**

Top 10 performance in the entire show. The Troubletones are able to turn lead into gold, I'm convinced. And just in time for Survivor season 46 in like a week. And Survivor and I Will Survive are, like the Adele songs from earlier, *phenomenal* songs in their own right! Cannot gush about the Troubletones enough.

**Song: ABC, originally performed by The Jackson 5**

**Glee Performer: New Directions**

**Winner: Original**

At least Tina's outfit looks great. She's doing great here and they should give her more songs. However, taking one off Michael Jackson is not likely to happen, let's be honest.

**Song: Control, originally performed by Janet Jackson**

**Glee Performer: New Directions**

**Winner: Original**

This completely falls off a cliff after the intro. Quinn's part is nice, at least, but Blaine is just not very good here.

**Song: Man in the Mirror, originally performed by Michael Jackson**

**Glee Performer: New Directions Boys**

**Winner: Original**

Other than ABC, this is one of New Directions' weaker competition setlists, and the idea that they deserved first place is laughable. They didn't even deserve second. This one is easily the weakest song of the Jackson medley they do here, Puck and Finn being main vocalists in a song is generally not indicative of quality. Artie is good, but not "salvages a song with Puck in it" good.

**Song: We Are Young, originally performed by fun, featuring Janelle Monáe**

**Glee Performer: New Directions**

**Winner: Original**

Just a profound lack of cohesion in the Glee version, it's like six different people singing part of a song, instead of six people singing one song, if that makes sense.

#### **Episode 10: Yes/No**

**Song: Summer Nights, originally performed by Grease**

**Glee Performer: Sam Evans and Mercedes Jones**

**Winner: Glee**

The thing about Grease is that John Travolta actually cannot sing at all, so it's a miracle the whole thing works at all. I'm not a Sam stan or anything but man is he better than Travolta.

**Song: Wedding Bell Blues, originally performed by The 5th Dimension**

**Glee Performer: Emma Pillsbury**

**Winner: Original**

Why would anyone want to marry Will Schuester? Emma's voice is chronically underused, and it would be nice if she got to do stuff not directly related to Will more, because when she does it's usually pretty fun. The cover is solid here, but just a bit lacking in personality.



**Song: Moves Like Jagger/Jumpin' Jack Flash, originally performed by Maroon 5 feat. Christina Aguilera / The Rolling Stones**

**Glee Performer: Artie Abrams**

**Winner: Glee/Original**

I can't stand Maroon 5 and Moves Like Jagger is a bad song vastly improved upon by Artie. It also kind of dominates the mashup, very little of Jumpin' Jack Flash made it out intact. Has anyone been keeping track of songs I've reviewed here that are also names of stands? Because this makes at least one so far.

**Song: The First Time I Ever Saw Your Face, originally performed by Roberta Flack**

**Glee Performer: Rachel Berry, Tina Cohen-Chang, Santana Lopez and Mercedes Jones**

**Winner: Original**

Sloppy and imprecise.

**Song: Without You, originally performed by David Guetta**

**Glee Performer: Rachel Berry**

**Winner: Original**

Boring song, boring cover. Rachel is just so sauceless. I don't care how impressive she is on a technical level, she does not move me. This stimulus produces no response in the listener. Rachel Berry is perfectly good at singing songs, but she is utterly incapable of creating music.

**Song: We Found Love, originally performed by Rihanna**

**Glee Performer: Rachel Berry and Santana Lopez**

**Winner: Glee**

This is the one where they drown Artie. The choreography in this one is much more interesting than the song in general, what with them drowning Artie, but also because Mr. Schue seems to completely change his clothes in the span of one minute. He walks offscreen wearing his normal clothes, and returns eighty seconds later wearing an entire white tuxedo. He then leaps into a swimming pool whilst wearing the aforementioned tuxedo, ruining it. He then emerges from the pool, they cut away, and when they cut back to Schue, he is visibly much drier than he should be. And then he proposes, because every woman wants to be proposed to by a man who is soaking wet and smells like chlorine. You may notice that I'm not talking about the song very much, and that's because it's not very good. Not to be deranged but We Found Love has always reminded me of the Believix transformation song from Winx Club seasons 4 and 5. I guess the vocals are better in Glee? It's just such an empty nothing of a song.

#### **Episode 11: Michael**

**Song: Wanna Be Startin' Somethin', originally performed by Michael Jackson**

**Glee Performer: Blaine Warbler**

**Winner: Original**

Nine songs in one episode seems a little excessive, Ryan Murphy! The Glee version is half the length of the original, so you know the drill.

**Song: Bad, originally performed by Michael Jackson**

**Glee Performer: New Directions and The Warblers**

**Winner: Original**

Bad is right. (It's not awful, but, much like Tantalus, I love low hanging fruit.) This is a really great Santana and Artie performance held back by absolutely everyone else involved.

**Song: Scream, originally performed by Michael Jackson and Janet Jackson**

**Glee Performer: Artie Abrams and Mike Chang**

**Winner: Original**

Odd duo but it actually kind of works. It doesn't work well enough, but I like the experiment. It's always fun when they mess around with duet partners, it's way better than eighty more Finn/Rachel duets.

**Song: Never Can Say Goodbye, originally performed by The Jackson 5**

**Glee Performer: Quinn Fabray**

**Winner: Glee**

What can I say, I'm not partial to songs sung by children. This is very much Quinn at the peak of her power. This is her second solo ever, fun fact. Second fun fact, I hate Ryan Murphy and hope dearly that he suffers.

**Song: Human Nature, originally performed by Michael Jackson**

**Glee Performer: Mercedes Jones and Sam Evans**

**Winner: Original**

I don't know what's up with the production in the Glee version but it sure is way worse!

**Song: Ben, originally performed by Michael Jackson**

**Glee Performer: Kurt Hummel, Rachel Berry and Finn Hudson**

**Winner: Glee**

I think children can handle fun, upbeat, high energy songs, but I have no desire to listen to a twelve year old sing a heartfelt ballad about a rat.

**Song: Smooth Criminal, originally performed by Michael Jackson**

**Glee Performer: Santana Lopez and Sebastian Smythe**

**Winner: Glee**

This is one of those songs that tends to come up when Glee songs being better than the original is discussed. I will push back on the popular opinion a little, I don't think Sebastian is *that* good, but Santana is giving absolutely everything. She's been hard carrying this season.

**Song: I Just Can't Stop Loving You, originally performed by Michael Jackson featuring Sideah Garrett**

**Glee Performer: Finn Hudson and Rachel Berry**

**Winner:**

Yawn! You can say many things about Michael Jackson but he's never put me to sleep!

**Song: Black Or White, originally performed by Michael Jackson**

**Glee Performer: New Directions and The Warblers**

**Winner: Original**

Artie cannot do the Michael Jackson laugh and only embarrasses himself by trying. It makes him sound like Mario after falling into lava. This song being sung by a group containing exactly two non-white people (Santana and Mercedes, as Tina is inexplicably not there) is a bit amusing. This matchup comes down to sauce at the end of the day. I'll let you guess who has it.

There was a lot of speaking ill of the dead in this one, huh?



# Progressive for godddamn what, or, thanks AIPAC and WHIPs for a spineless piece of shit party, or, they wonder how German citizens did nothing

by Juniper Balbus-Holmquist

Cast down the House of Representatives of Amalek

tired of being used as PO Box in their daily mail

my identity reduced to talking points

a save-a-thon for a country that ain't even mine

so go on run a marathon

who's chasing you

you're choosing to run

yet you wonder who's chasing you

as if I care about nation states

as if I care about a colonizer

as if that's my Judaism

as if Israel is a righteous nation

that whoring misappropriated Israel

the only Israel is that of the tribes

I don't want you to carve out land

for tribalism

put a load of Ashkenazi on it

And marginalize the mizrhadi who live there...



Palestinians pray to a monotheistic god modeled on our Adonai

Christ was a dark-skinned Palestinian Jew

who spoke to Samaritans

And Muhammad's religion teaches that Jesus and Moses are among the highest prophets  
so like a white dove in a cage

I'll break the cage

and the Nazi punk Jews will fuck off

the rotting bodies of children rotted like the rotting bodies of children

a simile , a comparison using like or as

then read the above

is there any other simile to use

the dead were like the dead

the simile rings

out of occupied AIPAC meetings and boycotted UN Security councils

when will the seas rise

To drown pharaoh's army

I'd never thought we'd be so enslaving after Egypt

are we not even different from WASPs now

this is assimilation, friends

we're white and there's money to that

and now we do the white thing

and kill Kill KILL KILLLLLL

The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones  
so stop evil, Amalek of representatives  
because it may be all they remember  
all we remember  
when you die, get impeached or primaried

remember I want a world  
As if the irony was more  
Than a defense mechanism  
And we could actually laugh for a change  
As if steel hooks in our backs  
Were more than a nuisance  
And we could actually feel something  
that's all I want

not in my name  
will defensive-irony and nuisance-hooks  
be my Judaism

Then Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a tambourine in her hand, and all the women went out after her with tambourines and dancing.

give me the revolution of Miriam  
we fight back with spin kicks and tambourines  
the colonizers colonized like how colonizers colonize  
no metaphors except the like-as facts

“And the only reason I’m  
Singing you this song now is cause you may know somebody in a similar  
Situation, or you may be in a similar situation, and if your in a  
Situation like that there’s only one thing you can do and that’s walk into  
The shrink wherever you are, just walk in say “Shrink, You can get  
Anything you want, at Alice’s restaurant.”. And walk out. You know, if  
One person, just one person does it they may think he’s really sick and  
They won’t take him. And if two people, two people do it, in harmony,  
They may think they’re both faggots and they won’t take either of them.  
And three people do it, three, can you imagine, three people walking in  
Singin a bar of Alice’s Restaurant and walking out. They may think it’s an  
Organization. And can you, can you imagine fifty people a day, I said  
Fifty people a day walking in singin a bar of Alice’s Restaurant and  
Walking out. And friends they may thinks it’s a movement.”

- a great lesson in leftist organization— for all it takes is a sick , faggot, organized, movement to  
change the world



## Vivre Sa Vie, Femme D’action

by Juniper Balbus-Holmquist

What if I told you it was all a plot

What if it was the Kill La Kill plot twist

What if it was a conspiracy

what if it was?!

what if it is?



What if I told you behind every insidious action  
Is a unified front of the same kind  
A difficult and complex set of rules to obscure reality  
To fall-apart the situation  
to uphold the order  
what if I told you it was a video game  
and you could fight back  
What if I told you it was all too and intensely complex  
but there's a very actionable solution to the needs

What if I told you it all adds up  
What if I told you there's a turning point  
to the dark ages  
Unscatter the light  
And bring back the sun light and love god  
what if I told you you could always fight back  
what if I told you it's endless your ability to be holy  
What if I told you everything was so fixable  
If we just try hard enough  
what if I told you it's not over  
not at all  
Not at all at all  
It's still worth your time  
it saddens me  
that I must announce  
that conviction



***Damn gorl, are  
you The Omen?***



***Because [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] wet?  
[REDACTED]***